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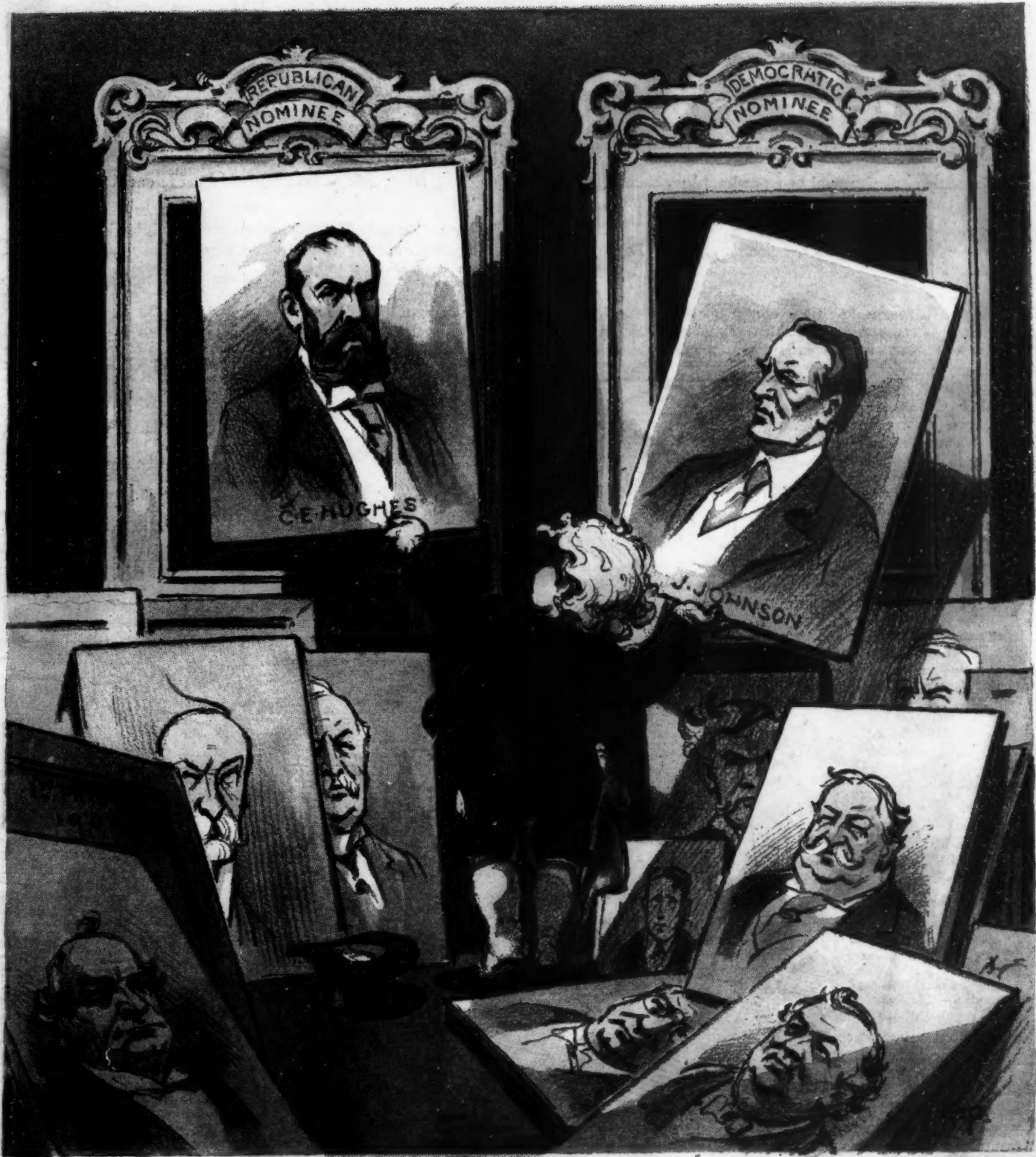
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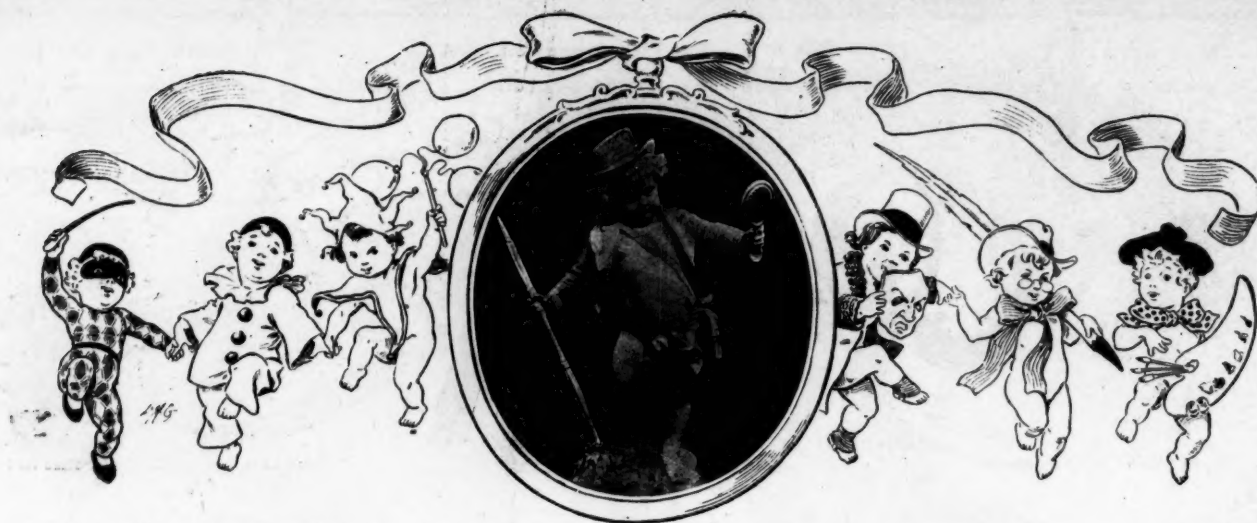
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IN THE POLITICAL GALLERY.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE.—These two would look well in a strong light.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WE HAVE never turned our backs when we have set our hands to the plow.  
—Senator Beveridge.  
Naturally not. It would be an awkward position.

THE WOMAN with the market-basket elected Grover Cleveland President. —  
*The World.*  
The *World* should have interested her in one Alton B. Parker.

NOW THAT it is known as "the late financial flurry," Mr. Lawson will oblige by telling us the precise status of *Trinity* as a gilded investment.

DON'T AGITATE the Tariff Question; you may bring back the panic. These are not our sentiments, but we expect any day to hear them from some stalwart standpatter.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON, of Minnesota, in his wire to the *World*, said that great corporations must come to the realization that they are as amenable to the law as is the individual citizen. True, but the individual citizen has no influential friends in Congress to extract the prison penalty from the laws relating to him.

HOW WOULD this do? Let the Standard Oil Company accept without protest the ruling of Judge Landis and pay that \$29,000,000 fine; then let the Government deposit the money in a Central Bank controlled by Standard Oil financiers. Could anything be cosier?

"TO RESTORE confidence and recover the ground we have been losing we must understand and remedy the causes of our trouble." — Senator Foraker.

Such a course would put Senator Foraker out of business, as well as every other politician of his stripe.

"BEGINNING JAN. 1, I shall allow the public to do their own reforming," says Mr. Lawson. For this relief much thanks. With the Lawson output of noise eliminated, the year promises to be fairly peaceful.

COULD THERE be a shrewder or more efficient canvass for the nomination than this let alone plan. — *The Sun*.

No; but a man has to be big enough to let things alone and have them come round to him. A man like Foraker or Beveridge would reap nothing from the let-alone game.



TEDDY CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.  
THEY INTERRUPT THE REVELRY OF THE FORAKER SAVAGES.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN announces that he will give up grand opera in New York unless better support is forthcoming. Hammerstein has made good artistically, and deserves two dollars for every one that goes to the Metropolitan. If he quits next season matters operative will sink back to their former commercial level. Here's good luck to him and a prosperous new year!

THE *Sun* advocates putting back "In God We Trust" on the coins — the *Sun*, which doesn't believe in anything, or trust in anything, except its own cynical impulses.

YALE PUTS the order: For God, for Country and for Yale. — *New Haven Register*.

Out of courtesy to God.

FIRST CLASS in psychology stand up? Why are Christmas murders so grewsome?



**"TACKLE LOW!"**  
OR, THE FOOT BALL PLAYER'S PROPOSAL.



I.  
"Gladys, I adore you! I long to make you happy!"



II.  
"Say that you love me! Say that you will marry me!"



III.  
"Yes, Mr. Firedown—Charley."

**TO A STENOGRAPHER.**



ADY TYPIST, blonde and fair,  
Sitting so serenely there! —  
Pray forgive me if I dare  
To ask a favor.

I, who am your humble slave,  
Tremble, as this boon I crave,  
Feeling (usually brave)  
My courage waver.

For, to-morrow morn at half-  
Past eleven (do not laugh!)  
I expect my better-half  
And her dear mother,  
Who are curious to see  
What my office life may be—  
So, your scorn for them and me  
Please try to smother.

And, although you've naught to do,  
It were best for me and you,  
If you, lady, made a few  
Attempts to hustle;  
It will please them, I confess,  
If you wear a simpler dress;  
Try to look a little less  
Like Lilian Russell.

Be prepared your part to play;  
Don't appear too smart or gay,  
Work as if you earned the pay  
For which you're hired.  
Show a more subservient air;  
Shake your haughty languid stare —  
Or, by the pencils in your hair,  
They'll have you fired!

*J. Adair Strawnson.*

**A VISION.**

**M**ETHOUGHT I had a wonderful vision. Through-  
out the beautiful land, there was a dreadful plague.  
The mills and factories were stopped, banking conditions were  
strained and men were thrown out of work.

And, as I looked, I saw, gathered about the public treasury,  
hundreds of thousands of men from all walks of life, capitalists and  
laborers alike, holding up their hands in supplication to the Govern-  
ment for aid.

"Give us money," said the capitalists, "for our reserve is im-  
paired and we are worth only half of what we had before."

"Give us public work to do and pay us from the public  
treasury," said the workmen, "for we have no jobs and our families  
are starving."

I watched anxiously while the Government pondered for a

considerable time and then,  
with thumbs down toward  
the capitalists and with  
thumbs up toward the  
laborers, the Government  
spoke thus:

"O ye capitalists! Avaunt!  
Ye would still have enough, had  
ye much less. Ye have said  
that ye have raised yourself by  
your superior brain and skill.  
Go ye and repeat.

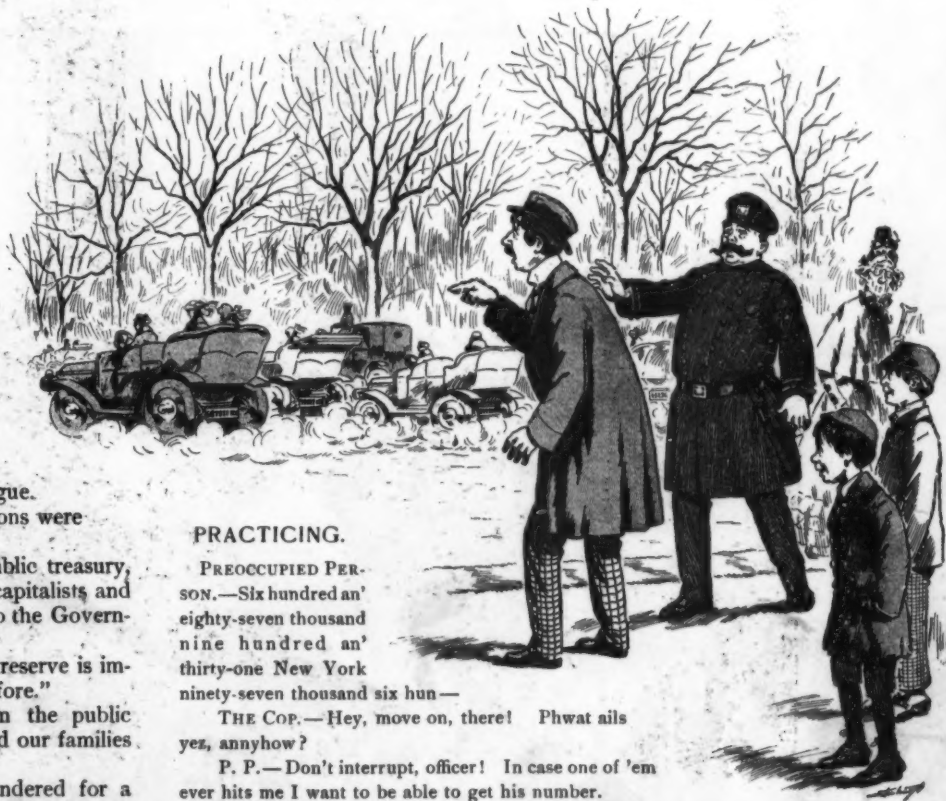
"O ye laborers! Ye have  
nothing but your jobs. When  
your jobs are gone you have  
nothing left. Besides, ye do  
not ask for money, but ye seek  
to do service by which ye may  
earn money. It is a fair request and shall be granted."

Then I awoke, rubbed my eyes and wondered in what strange  
country I could possibly be.

*Ellis O. Jones.*



IV.  
"DARLING!!"



**PRACTICING.**

**PREOCCUPIED PER-  
SON.**—Six hundred an'  
eighty-seven thousand  
nine hundred an'  
thirty-one New York  
ninety-seven thousand six hun—

**THE COP.**—Hey, move on, there! Phwat ails  
yez, annyhow?

**P. P.**—Don't interrupt, officer! In case one of 'em  
ever hits me I want to be able to get his number.

**If you want to feel sure that you have the best, don't read to-morrow's  
advertisements.**

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.



PROFESSOR of psychology in Harvard University, famous for his learning and ability, has published recently in a popular magazine the results of a series of psychological experiments made upon the *class* to which he lectures and gives many most curious and interesting examples of what seem to be strange freaks of memory, observation and understanding. As a humble student in this branch of psychological research I have, myself, made careful notes in a number of interesting cases, which perhaps may aid him or others in the deduction of the laws underlying such phenomena. A few such cases I give below.

CASE I.—(*A curious instance of an entire loss of memory in two subjects at once.*)

A few days ago, when passing by the open door of our dining-room, I chanced to observe my two nephews, A. S— and J. S—, aged seven and nine years, helping themselves freely from the sugar-bowl. Not more than an hour afterward I found by questioning that neither had any recollection of the circumstance—in fact, both denied that the thing had occurred at all. So strange a lapse of memory can only be accounted for on the supposition that the memory of the incident had been effaced by some subsequent stronger impression. It has been suggested to me that if the proper stimulus should be applied memory might return. This may be so.

CASE II.—(*Remarkable variance in visual perception.*)

Returning from my club the other evening (or to be more scientifically accurate, a little after two o'clock A. M.) with three personal friends whose good faith is unquestionable, it occurred to me to institute a test in visual perception. Pointing to a couple of street lights that for some reason unknown to me were unusually close together, I asked each friend in turn to count them, but to keep the result to himself until I should question him. All laughingly complied. When after only five minutes interval (which we passed in singing fragments of familiar songs, in order that we might approach the subject with fresh minds) I asked each in turn the number of lamps he perceived, the result was truly astonishing.

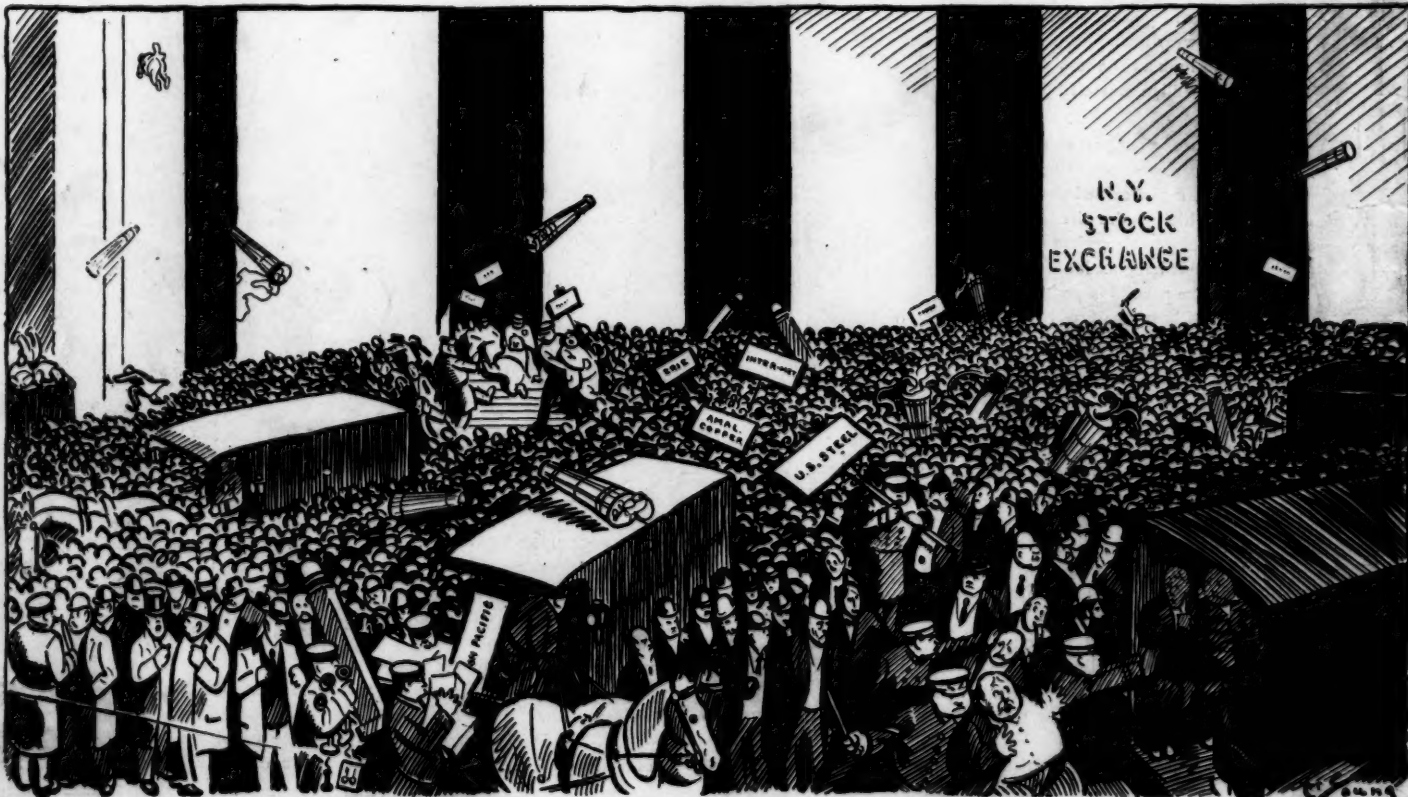
A— W— replied that there were sixteen, or "six seven"



2B OR NOT 2B,  
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

(it was difficult to determine which, and as he seemed annoyed at being repeatedly questioned, I did not press the matter).

L— N—, who had been dull and poor company all the evening, insisted that there had been only one and suggested a fool-



WHY NOT?

THE POLICE RAID OTHER GAMBLING JOINTS.





WHEN DUTY CALLS.

BUSINESS MAN (at breakfast).—No time to eat anything more! I'm late now! Gimme m' hat an' coat!

SAME MAN (on arriving at office).—Say, did you fellows ever hear this one?

ish and inadequate reason why he should be right and the rest of us wrong.

C—T— declared that there were "as many as a torch-light procession" and (from an association of ideas) insisted on our all giving "three cheers for Teddy" before we could proceed with the experiment.

Now, as I have said, there were two lights only which though close together and somewhat unsteady were perfectly distinct. What should we think of two witnesses in a case, say of burglary, one of whom swore that there was only one man in the house and the other with equal good faith testified to a procession of burglars, there being in point of fact two and only two?

CASE III.—(Congenital inability to estimate the duration of time.)

Mrs. H—, with whom I have been well acquainted for many years and have had constant opportunities to observe, seems utterly unable to compute the lapse of time with any accuracy whatever. The other evening, being asked to estimate the time it would take her to put on her hat, coat and gloves previous to going out to the theater, she replied, "Only a minute." She was, as it proved, a little more than twenty-seven minutes. On her attention being called to this she replied, "O Fudge, I wasn't much more than a minute!" Here we have an error

of nearly twenty-six hundred per cent. in the estimate of a most common measure of time accompanied by complete indifference to the discrepancy. In fact, she frankly confessed that she regards my investigations as "nonsense" (!) and suggested in a spirit of levity when she learned I was writing this article, "Tell 'em you're an old fool!"

CASE IV.—(Illustrating the need of psychological training in officers of the law.)

Mr. X—, my neighbor and friend, owns a large automobile which, he has frequently told me, he never drives at a greater speed than that of fifteen miles an hour. A day or two ago he was

arrested and fined for proceeding at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, as testified by the policeman who made the arrest. The absurdity of trusting the enforcement of the law to a man who is unable to distinguish a difference in velocity as great as that between fifteen and forty-five miles an hour is apparent, and yet this policeman probably knew absolutely nothing of psychology as applied to sense perceptions of time and space.

CASE V.—(Accuracy of memory variable in different individuals as regards objects of daily visual perception.)

I asked twenty members of the freshman class in the college situated in our town, how many pillars supported the roof of the college chapel.



SOMETHING NEW IN THE JEWELRY LINE.

**B**urning money gives off such a dazzling light that only the strongest vision can make out just where the money comes from.



"I'D HAVE A FUR ROBE TOO IF I COST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Seven replied without hesitation that they did not know, and of these several added a flippant remark to the effect that they were not interested to know. The other answers ranged from two to "about a hundred," but only two gave the correct answer, eight.

A similar experiment, having for its subject the number of windows in a certain restaurant popular among the students and frequently resorted to by them, gave more satisfactory results.

Twelve gave the correct answer, five were very nearly correct, two only replied that they did not know, and

one made the astonishing reply, "Sometimes more, sometimes less," of which I could make nothing. It is a singular and baffling fact that the very

two who were correct as to the number of pillars in the chapel were also the only ones who could return no answer to the second question. I intend to investigate this phenomenon at greater length by other tests.

I have in my possession records of many other striking instances of psychological interest. All these are at the service of Dr. Münsterberg or any other earnest investigator who will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

J. Warren Merrill.

Isaac Hockett

(His mark)

FROM A LEGAL PAPER.

#### GENIUS MISUNDERSTOOD.

RANTON BLOWHARD (actor, in bar of Mansion House, Frostville).—Have you any extra dry, landlord?

LANDLORD (extending box of cigars).—Here's some ten-cent kind I bought in '99;—guess they're dry enough to suit ye.

#### WHOM IT BENEFITS.

FINNERTY (who takes a dhrop).—I see that wan iv thim scientific gents says an occasional spree is binificial fr some min.

MRS. FINNERTY.—Troth it is;—I never yet saw a saloon-kaper that didn't wear fine clothes an' a dimint ring or two.

#### THE GRAND TOUR.

"DID you see the Alps?"

"Oh, yes. Our car broke down right opposite them, and do you know, I'm almost glad it did, I found them so charming and interesting."



#### APPENDICITIS.

NURSE.—Doctor, a sponge is missing; possibly you sewed it up inside the patient.

EMINENT SURGEON.—Thank you; remind me to add ten dollars to the bill for material.

**A**n automobile is a modern contrivance for riding from place to place when your chauffeur isn't using it.



BALLADE OF OBLIVION.

**W**ho's the next President?  
 Editors can't agree,  
 So many prominent  
 Men are at liberty.  
*Who is our next V. P.?*—  
 Where is *his* oriflamme?  
 Pardon if I tee-hee:  
 Nobody cares a damn.

Nobody gives a cent  
Under the canopy.  
Devil an argument;  
Devil a rivalry.  
Any old nominee,  
Any old shine or sham.  
Second place? Fiddle-de-dee!  
Nobody cares a damn.

Nobody cares a spent  
Nickel, that I can see.  
*You* are indifferent,  
*I* must confess ennui.  
Yawneth the bourgeoisie,  
Yawneth your Uncle Sam.  
Tail of the ticket? Gee!  
Nobody cares a damn.

Who the V. P. may be, —  
Japheth or Shem or Ham, —  
Prince, between you and me,  
Nobody cares a damn.

*B. L. T.*



HOPELESS.

KEEPER.—This is the most violent patient in the asylum. He imagines he's a comic supplement.

OVER in Brooklyn they speak of it as "the increased cost of existing."



## JOURNALISM REALISM.

Miss Ethyllie Ansonia, whose engagement to Lord Winchester Stonibroke, of Rochester, Chichester-on-Tyne, was reported in an evening newspaper, had this to say to a reporter last night:

REALLY.  
"Oh, a ree-porter! Thrice welcome to our ranks! Huh? Oh, sure. Anything to help the press-agent. Nope, never seen a lord in my life, take it from Ethel. Oh, dope up anything y' want an' I'll stand f'r it. Not too strong, my husband might think it was on the level. Got a picture o' me? So long."

AS PRINTED.

"Lord Stonibroke and I are merely good friends and there is absolutely no truth in the reports of our betrothal. We met in London last year and are extremely fond of each other, but marriage was never mentioned or even thought of by either of us, I am certain. You may brand it as an idle rumor."

## CONVENIENCES.

AT ONCE the man had identified his call and knew that he was to be literary; he was fain to exclaim upon his good fortune in having been born in an ingenious and progressive age, and with that he proceeded to equip himself with all the modern conveniences.

Quite naturally he began with letting his creative faculties strike their own gait. However, it wasn't long until the sight of a stenographer lounging about and not half earning her salary had its logical effect, and he touched up his faculties a bit, until they broke into a trot. But still the stenographer kept well ahead, and became, so to say, a pacemaker. The next the man knew he was urging his faculties to a canter, and at length found himself plying whip and spur incessantly, while his faculties fairly scrambled over the ground.

His output was enormous.

The great masters of writing lived in the age of the quillpen, but what of that? There are coincidences even more curious, if you speak of mere coincidences.

*Ramsey Benson.*

INGENUOUS.

**M**RS. ARTLESS.—The Bloughbys have a grandfather's clock that's been in the family for more than one hundred and fifty years.

MR. ARTLESS.—Humph! They didn't have it a year ago.

MRS. ARTLESS.—Oh, no; but you see it was stolen nearly fifty years ago and Mrs. Bloughby tells me it was by the merest chance they discovered it last week in a second-hand store.



THE TEDDYCHAIR.  
LATEST FURNITURE NOVELTY.



THE PUCK PRESS

"THE MIKADO"—SECOND

"My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time—  
To let the punishment fit the crime—  
The punishment fit the crime.—

"A  
U  
A s  
C





-SECOND AND LAST ACT.

"And make each prisoner pent  
Unwillingly represent  
A source of infinite merriment,  
Of infinite merriment."

A LITTLE COLD.



He caught a little cold, that was all;  
So the neighbors sadly said  
When they learned that he was dead,  
Congregating round his bed—  
He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all;  
When and how he couldn't say,  
Thought it soon would go away,  
But the cold was there to stay—  
He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all;  
He sneezed and coughed and mumbled,  
In turn he swore and grumbled,  
But his pride at last was humbled—  
He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all;  
The cold grew quite surprising,  
His temperature kept rising,  
And the doctor came advising—  
He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all;  
And he lay quiet neatly dressed  
In his very Sunday best,  
In a long unbroken rest—  
He caught a little cold, that was all.

W. W. Runyon.

ALLAYING HER FEARS.

MISS SERELEAF (*in street car*).—Conductor, I noticed three men smoking on the rear platform.

CONDUCTOR.—Don't worry, lady;—the lace curtains are being laundered to day, so there'll be no harm done.

THE PLAY.

MANAGER.—Now, as to the moral quality of the piece, we wish that to be very conspicuous.

PLAYWRIGHT.—By its absence?

MANAGER.—Oh, when it comes to mere details of method, we leave everything to you, of course. We don't care how you manage it.



THE NIBBLERS.

HIRAM RYETOP.—So the checker club argued here on the Panama canal, hey. How long did they argue, Jeff?

THE STOREKEEPER.—Let's see. Half a wedge of cheese, peck of prunes, pint of dried peaches and a pound of crackers.

CATHOLICITY.

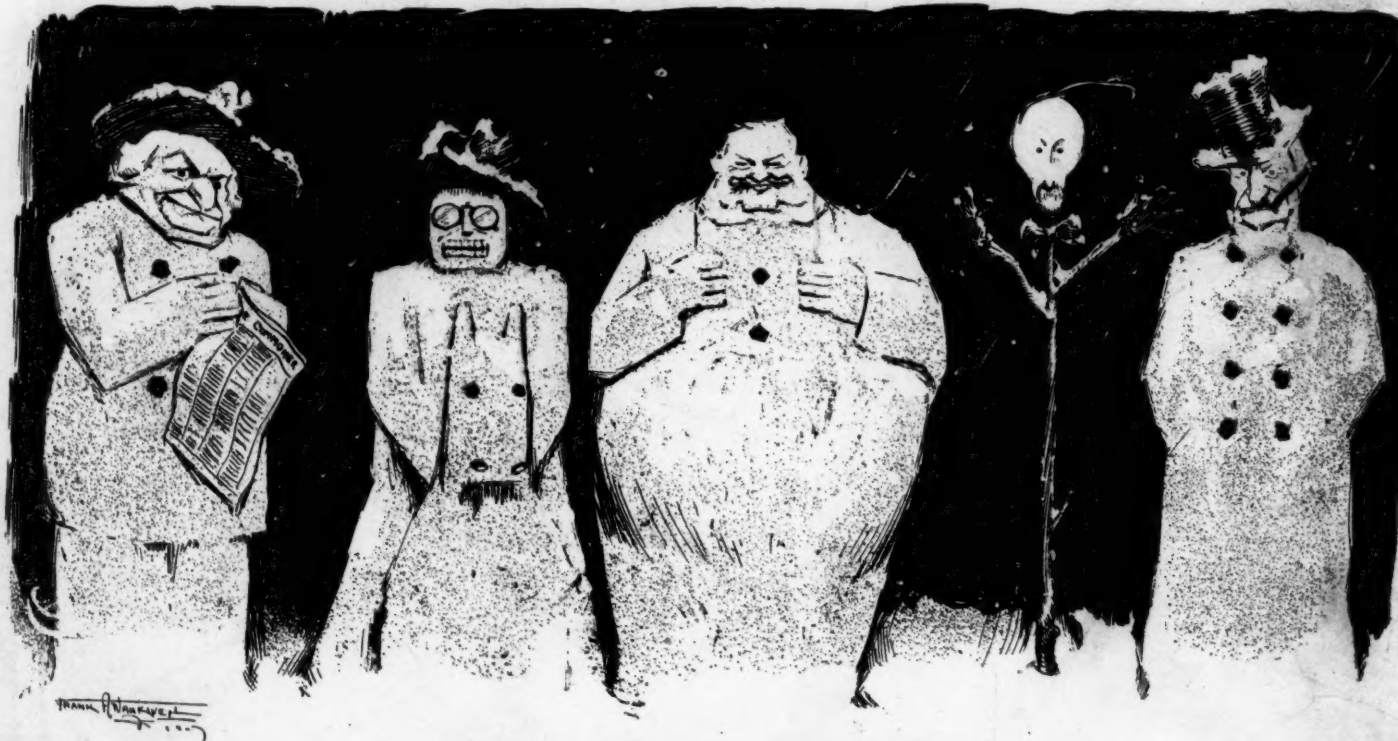
THEY paused before a Madonna of the golden age of painting. "Hum! Loaned by Smith," said he, consulting the catalogue. "Smith has a catholic taste."

"It would seem so," said she. "And yet his people have been Presbyterians for generations."

TREASURING.

MADGE.—How do you know you can keep a secret?

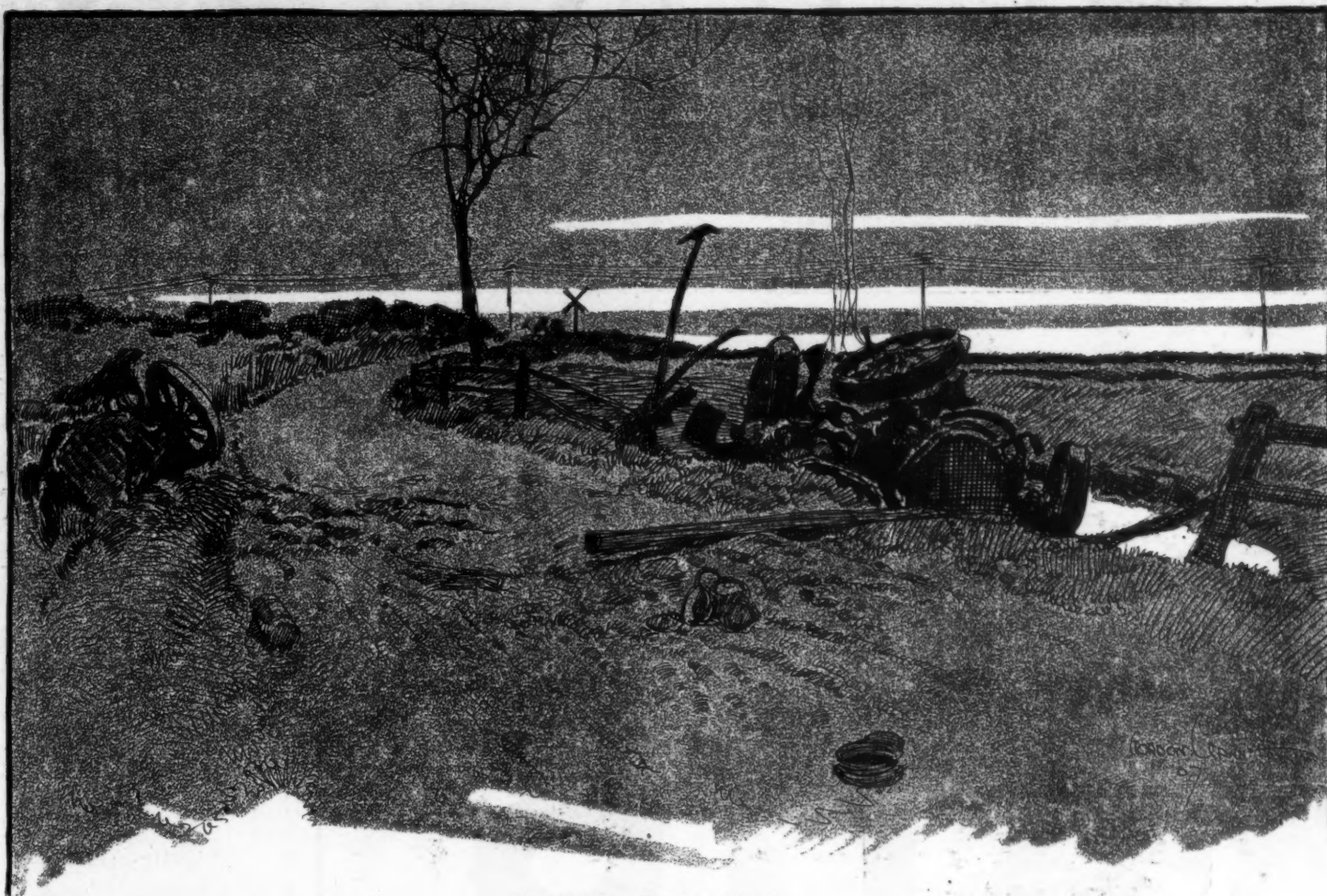
MARJORIE.—I know something about Dolly, and I'm keeping it from her until some time I get angry with her.



FRESH CARVED FROM "THE BEAUTIFUL."

SNOW MEN FOR THE BOYS OF NEBRASKA, NEW YORK, OHIO, INDIANA AND ILLINOIS RESPECTIVELY.





MONDAY MORNING.

THE WISE VIRGIN OF WOODSVILLE.



“WELL,” said Uncle Silas Heck, of Woodsville, Conn., unfolding a lank leg from its mate as he sat on a soap box in Hipp’s Store, “I shall tell yeou about young Hank Steele’s Unruly Arm. It beat Nature fakin’ t’ death!”

The grocery drummer adjusted his elegant necktie, bit a clove, and took a Supreme-Being pose against the candy case.

“Speed up, Uncle!” he said.

“Hank Steele’s arm,” said Uncle Heck, gently feeling of his own good biceps, “began t’ develop when he was about fifteen an’ a ha’f, when he had a serious attack of calf love with a gal deouwn t’ Coventry Centre. This gal was from birth addicted t’ be hugged by boys, an’ she taught Hank how. She was sixteen th’ summer young Hank was deouwn visitin’ t’ Coventry Centre, an’ she just naturally

used Hank for practice, he bein’ handy by. She taught him waist-an’-line huggin’, desperate love and eternal affection huggin’, th’ Sweetheart Squeeze, th’ Elopers’ Struggle, th’ Moonlight Clutch and a number of fancy grasps an’ holds that come near makin’ a man eout o’ young Hank. Well, sir, what I was gettin’ at is this: durin’ that summer Hank’s right arm got so strong he couldn’t control it! Come fall, and he got back home, that arm o’ his’n commenced actin’ unruly. Every time he set eyes on a waist that arm would kinder coil an’ spring, so t’ speak: ye see, th’ other arm wa’n’t strong enough t’ hold it. Young Hank’s arm got hold o’ several estimable young married women in teouwn at church sociables an’ sech, an’ they had t’ separate th’ arm an’ th’ lady by main force. Young Hank was in some considerable danger of bein’ onpopular with th’ ladies’ husbands, though th’ ladies was inclined

t’ be forgivin’ because, it was loudly rumored, Hank cert’inly knew how t’ hug!”

Uncle Heck paused.

The grocery drummer straightened like a soldier and nervously lighted a cigar. “Go on!” he urged; “for Heaven’s sake finish the story!”

Uncle Heck ruminated. “I was tryin’ t’ think,” he slowly resumed, “how I could continyer m’ narrative ‘thout havin’ m’ word doubted. It was cert’inly a ree-markable case! Ye see, th’ winter Hank got t’ be sixteen he went tew a bean supper up tew th’ Methodist church one evenin’ an’ that arm of his begun a twichin’ an’ musclin’ up. Seein’ so many fair waists always made it act bad. But, by durn! Hank was prepared this evenin’. He’d got his father’s hired man t’ strap th’ arm tew his side. With th’ foolish boastfulness of youth, young Hank boldly announced that th’ arm was fixed, an’ he told ‘em all how it was. Well, it so happened Judy Young was to this bean supper, havin’ went t’ keep an eye on her nephew, Eben Burdock Wright, t’ prevent him from eatin’ himself intew his grave. Neow, all th’ gals, and, so ‘twas whispered, some of th’ young married wimmen, was dreadful put eout about Hank’s arm bein’ made so ridiculously safe. There was mournful countenances enough; but Judy Young (Judy’s mor’n forty and hain’t really a figure ner a face that had ought t’ make a man’s arm desperately leap from its socket in a frantic endeavor t’ entwine about Judy’s fair form, ‘n-so-forth)—Well, Judy she whispered in Hank Steele’s ear whilst she was awaitin’ on table an’ cuttin’ his pork rind for him, he bein’ kinder awkward with his strapped arm, an’ says t’ Hank: ‘Hank, I want yeou please t’ come eout to my buggy under th’ shed—it’s necessary!—I shall be there, when yeou’ve finished yeour supper.’ Well, sir, young Hank was mighty curious. He swallowed his supper an’ went eout. Judy was there a-settin’ in her buggy in th’ darkness.”

Uncle Silas Heck came to a full, deliberate stop.

“Well, well! What happened?” asked the grocery drummer.

Uncle Heck stroked his fine old whiskers. “Well, Judy drew a butcher knife on young Hank——”

“To stab him in the dark? By the Lord! Why——”

“No, no,” said Uncle Heck,——“she cut th’ strap.”

Fred Ladd.



**ANGOSTURA BITTERS**



Celebrated  
Appetizer of  
Exquisite Flavor

**DR. SIEBERT'S**  
The Only Genuine  
**BEWARE OF  
SUBSTITUTES**  
Originated 1824

VICE - PRESIDENT  
FAIRBANKS con-  
siders himself still in  
the running. Every-  
one else imagined  
that he had broken  
training.—*Detroit  
Free Press.*

BEFORE the open-  
ing of the next sea-  
son there is still time  
for some genius to  
make a fortune by  
inventing a rubber  
pop bottle for use at  
baseball games.—  
*Washington Post.*

# Pears'

The goodness in Pears'  
Soap is an antidote for all  
bad complexions.

For goodness sake use  
Pears.'

Sold in America and elsewhere.

THE Lowell man  
who used the dowry  
of one girl to pay the  
expense of wedding  
another would get  
his deserts if tried by  
a jury of jilted spin-  
sters.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A CONDEMNED  
man in Lincoln,  
Nebr., played the  
banjo up to the min-  
ute he was led to the  
gallows. Perhaps he  
didn't want any one  
to regret his taking  
off.—*Wash. Post.*



**COOK'S**  
*Imperial*  
**EXTRA DRY**

Is better than foreign  
Champagnes but costs only  
half the price, as it is Ameri-  
can made and there is no  
duty or ship freight to pay.  
*Served Everywhere*



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I.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with  
a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an  
appetite. At all druggists.



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PUCK



# "Oh be Jolly!"



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The Standard of Excellence

You can taste excellence in ale.  
Therefore you can taste the  
superiority of P. B.

Nobody else can eat for you or drink for you.

Nobody else can taste for you.

Give yourself a chance to enjoy the best ale ever brewed.

**TASTE P. B.**

SERVED AT the WALDORF-ASTORIA, HOTEL ASTOR and BELMONT HOTEL, FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, SHANLEY'S, MURRAY'S, HEALY'S,  
CAVANAGH'S, BROWNE'S CHOP HOUSE, and all leading Hotels, Restaurants, Cafés, etc.  
SOLE BY PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL & CONdit Co., CLEMES & O'BRIEN Co., New York; S. S. PIERCE Co., Boston;  
C. JEVNE & Co., Chicago, and all first-class dealers.

A. G. VAN NOSTRAND

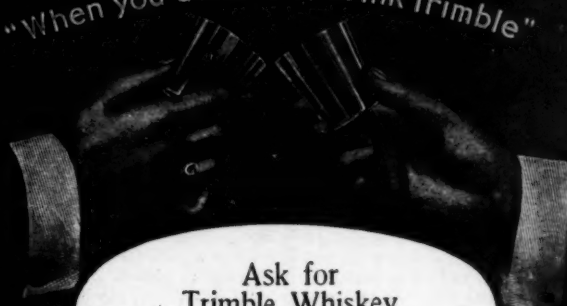
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OUT TO-DAY!

GONE!

He drew his money from the bank,  
Because he feared a crash.  
The bank is where it always was;  
Alas! where is his cash?  
—Yonkers Statesman.

A CHICAGO dentist has married a  
young woman who has a twin sister so  
closely resembling her that the two can  
only be told apart by their teeth. After  
a while the married one may get tired  
of showing her teeth merely for pur-  
poses of identification. —Wash. Post.



AND HIS RED—  
III.

PLAINT OF A PLAYER.


"An actor should be devoted to his  
art, should he not?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington  
Barnes, "he should be. But too many  
of us are prone to regard the practice  
of our profession merely as a series of  
disagreeable interruptions to a pinochle  
game." —Washington Star.

A NUMBER of papers are printing re-  
productions of the new St. Gauden's  
design on the gold pieces, thereby en-  
lightening some of us who never expect  
to see the real thing. —Washington Post.

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE.

Hallo! Signor, I ain't see you  
For many, many day.  
I wondra moocha w'at you do  
All time you was away,  
All deesa seexa mont' or more  
Dat you are gon' from home.  
I s'pose you went out Wes', Signor—  
Eh? No? You was een Rome?  
An' Parees, too? Wal, wal, my frand,  
W'at joy you musta feel  
To see all dose so granda land  
Where you have been. But steell  
You musta worka longa while  
For save da mon' to go.  
Eh? Deal een stocks ees mak' your pile?  
Excuse! I deed not know.  
I weesh dat dere was soochia treep  
For Dagoman like me;  
Ees many now dat taka sheep  
For home een Eetaly.  
Eh? W'at ees dat? You say dees men  
Are mean as dirt een street  
For com' an' maka mon' an' den  
To run back home weeth eet?  
I am su'prise weeth you, Signor,  
For hear you talk like dees.  
Da mon' we gat by workin' for  
We do weeth as we please.




Travelers Often Find  
the necessity of a really fine old  
stimulant. In whiskies nothing  
better is known than

**Sunny Brook**  
THE PURE FOOD  
Whiskey

It is distilled in the good old Ken-  
tucky way—and its mellowness  
and flavor comes from years  
of careful aging only. Every  
bottle is sealed with the Gov-  
ernment Green Stamp—assur-  
ance of full proof—full quan-  
tity and fully matured age.

**Sunny Brook Distillery Co.**  
Jefferson County  
Kentucky

You say dey leave no theeng bayhind  
For deesa mon' dey mak';  
Excuse, Signor, but you weell find  
Dey pay for all dey tak'.  
Dey pay for eet weeth harda toil,  
With gooda road an' street,  
Weeth crops dat sprenga from da soil  
An' geeve you food for eat,  
Weeth wheat dat mak' your bread so good.  
Weeth grape dat mak' your wines.  
Ah, yes, dey pay eet weeth deir blood  
On railroads, een da mines!  
W'at deed you geeve for w'at you mak'  
Een deesa stocka deal?  
Not wan good theeng for all you tak',  
Not wan, Signor, but steell  
You say dees men no gotta right  
To do a theeng dey do.  
Excuse me for gat excite'.  
I would shak' hands weeth you.  
Ees Creemas-time, so let us be  
Good 'Mericana men.  
Shak' hands! Eet ees a joy to me  
For see you home agen.  
—Catholic Standard and Times.



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CONTAINS ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

In an article on "How Royalty Dines"  
published in "Town and Country" it ap-  
pears that while King Edward is extremely  
abstemious in regard to liquid refreshments,  
he displays considerable individuality of  
taste in this respect, which is curiously ex-  
emplified in the case of a cocktail of his own  
invention, the composition of which is as  
follows:

A little rye whiskey,  
Some crushed ice,  
A small square of pineapple,  
A piece of lemon peel,  
A few drops of marashino,  
A few drops of Champagne,  
A dash of ANGOSTURA BITTERS,

and sufficient powdered sugar to bring the  
cocktail exactly to the royal requirements.

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IV.

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beards.

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## PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES



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particular smokers congregate

A Shilling in London  
A Quarter Here



ON THE WAY TO FAME.

THE NEW MEMBER.—I hate these here one night stands! Why, I ain't had a square meal in a week!

THE MANAGER.—All the better. In a month you'll be so thin we'll be able to star you as Camille.

### JIM JONES.

Jim Jones gets up at half-past four in rain or shine or cold, And leaves the papers at the doors. He's only twelve years old, But my! he's big, and makes me wish I had some work like his. He says to me, "Poor kid; of course you'd like my job. Gee-whiz! If you could hear the things I hear, and see the things I see When I get up at half-past four, you'd wish that you was me!" He squints his eyes. "Why, Chub," he says, "I own the whole blame street! And if you knew the things I know you'd say they're hard to beat." "Oh, Jim," I say, "please tell me now what all these things can be." "Not yet," says Jim; "you're lots too young. Wait till you're big like me." "But, Jim, it must be awful cold in winter when it's dark." "Oh, sure," he says, "so fine and cold it's just a perfect lark. Of course I never dare to laugh for fear my face will crack; Nor I can't frown, for it might freeze and turn an awful black. So I just wear a half-way grin, and if my face should freeze, I'd be all right to look at with a cheerful smile to please. You poor young kid," he says real sad, "I'm sorry as can be Your pa won't let you go to work and see the things I see. I cross my heart they're true," he says each time I talk with him. Oh, dear! why can't I get up, too, at half-past four, like Jim?

—Woman's Home Companion.

A GERMAN scientist says that there are too many men in the world, but the old maid who has thought it over is convinced that that is not the trouble.—*Somerville Journal*.

## Here it is! The Digestive Stout

It's **MEUX'S** (Pronounced *Mewks*) Original London Stout and comes from the Meux Brewery, London. Brewed by them continuously since 1764—and bottled *only* by them. Soft, smooth, delicious—try it. "The Perfect Pint of Stout." For sale by leading grocers, wine merchants, etc. Booklet Free.

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P. S. They—the Meux's, also brew India Pale Ale—the most exquisite Ale ever brought to America

### SOUNDED SO.

SAM.—What's d' matter with you and Chloe?

SUSAN.—Matter 'nough. She insulted my friend, Mr. Jackson; what called on me las' night.

"Insulted Mr. Jackson, did she?"

"Dat's what she done. She asked me who dat 'ere nocturnal visitor was!" —*Yonkers Statesman*.

CHICAGO is still paying men to shovel up snow that fell in 1905. Philadelphia street cleaners, even at their worst, were never so slow as that.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



H.C. Bunner

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They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

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Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. S. Bulletin*.

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You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

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WATERPROOFED LINEN

### SUSPICIOUS.

"Is it all right, boss, to take a chicken in your hands when eatin' it?" asked Sam.

"Well, Sam," replied the boss, with a suspicious look, "it is if it's your chicken."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

### COMMON PRUDENCE.

A teacher in a down-town school has for her pupils the children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which the little ones found difficult to understand.

"Now," said she to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spent two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?"

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up.

"Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?"

"Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac in a disgusted tone.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

THE trial of a New York murderer and his commitment for life occupied the court 40 minutes. The prisoner couldn't hire a single alienist.—*Phila. Ledger*.

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*The Best Bitter Liqueur*

### WORKING FAST.

YEAST.—They say a fly buzzes its wings at the rate of 352 times a second. CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, when I hear a buzzing sound I'm not quite sure whether it's a fly's wings, or my wife talking.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

DR. RIXEY would possibly have the saying read, "the drug store is mightier than the arsenal."—*Washington Star*.

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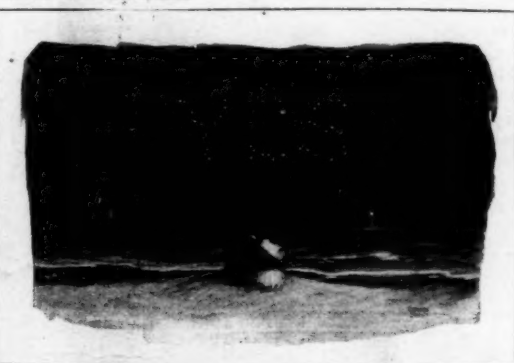


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By Gordon H. Grant.

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### THE OLD, OLD STORY IN A NEW FORM.

Five hundred thousand leagues, I guess,  
Our weary Earth has bowled through space;  
And fifty thousand miles, no less,  
The pallid Moon has held her race.

The careful Clock has ticked away,  
Full eighty thousand moments drear;

So long has been the lagging day  
Since last I saw you, Nora dear!  
—*Woman's Home Companion*.

### EVEN THERE.

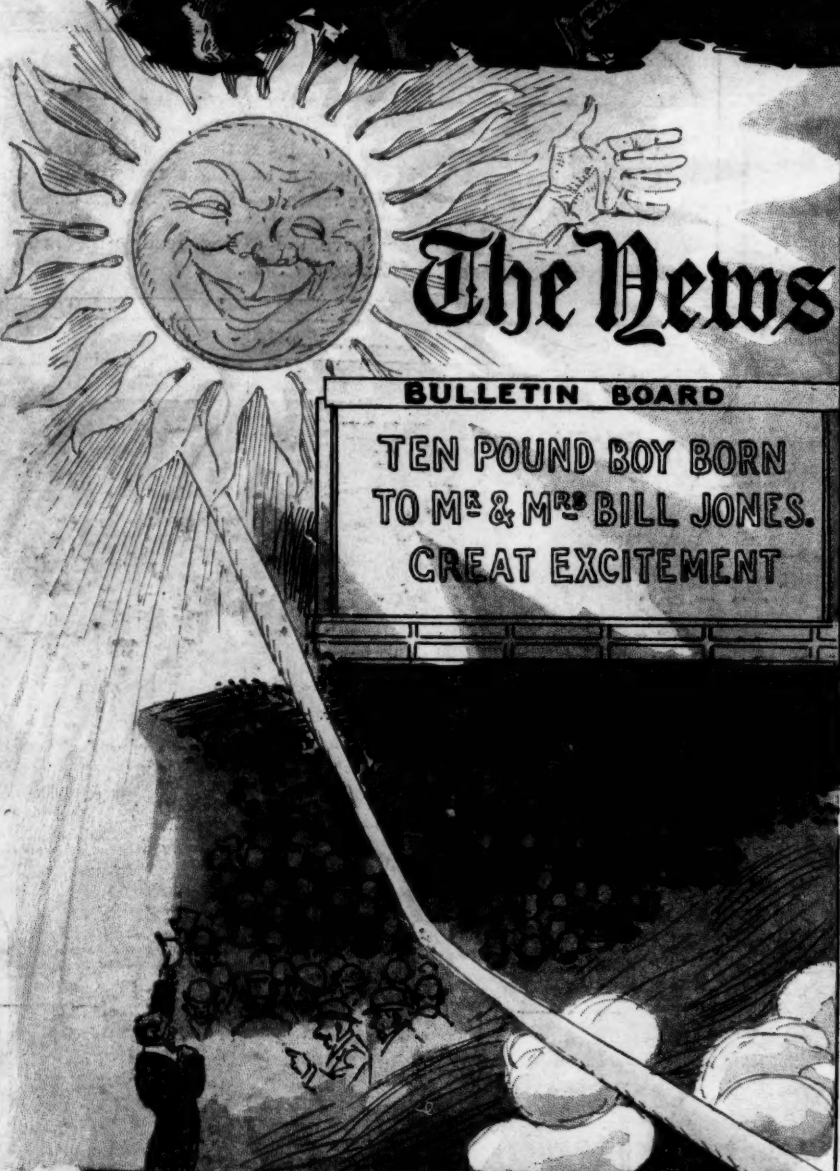
"Dear," said the melancholy wife, "if you die first you will wait for me there on that far shore, won't you?"

"I guess so," replied her husband, with a yawn. "I've always had to wait for you wherever I go."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

MEMBERS of an Alaska mob have been sued by a man they hanged. Next time they undertake to reform the erring they will be likely to make a thorough job of it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



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# The News

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TEN POUND BOY BORN  
TO MR & MRS BILL JONES.  
GREAT EXCITEMENT

A m I happy?  
Well, say, old chappy,  
Get next, get wise.  
Does the sun rise?  
Are the birds singing?  
Did you ever hear joy bells ringing?  
Well, that's me;  
Whee!  
Say, I'm all to the merry,  
And the one original cherry  
In the glass.  
I'm sure in the A1 class.  
My vest?  
Yes, I suppose my chest  
Has expanded some.  
By gum,  
I feel like a frisky colt!  
Say, did you ever get a jolt  
Of gladness  
Knocking all your sadness  
Into spots? Me? Well, I guess  
Yes!  
Here, have a cigar.  
Not smoking? Now, wouldn't that jar—  
And not drinking?  
Say, cheer up, I'm a-thinking  
You're out of sorts.  
Wake up, old man, join the sports.  
Say,  
Ain't the day  
A beauty? Great weather.  
I feel as light as a feather.  
I'm the pure concentrated brand  
Of happiness in the land!  
Well, I'm amazed!  
Salary raised?  
Naw!  
For that, hee-haw!  
You don't know?  
Gee! you're slow.  
Thought it was all over the bloomin'  
town.  
Why, it's enough to knock a man  
up-side-down  
With joy.  
Say, ..... it's a boy!

John Bunker.

